

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



- Steger H.A. -  
..44.

Vol. LXI

JANUARY, 1942

No. 3

HARVARD '40  
SD

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at the

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**MID-WINTER FORMAL**

IT WILL BE IF YOU MISS THE

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*Please mention The Register*

# Latin School Register

VOL. LXI

JANUARY

No. 3



1942

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER BY THE STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

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*To "Keep 'em Flying"*

*So Keep on Buying...—*

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Those who intend to take the College Board Examinations should keep in mind my intensive reviews in May and June. Thirty years' tutorial experience has gone into the making of these reviews.

**MARCUS HORBLIT, A. B.**

1306 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Kirkland 8640

# CONTENTS

*Cover by Henry A. Steeger*

*Cartoons by James J. Foley and Thomas H. O'Connor*

*Linoleum Cut by William R. von Bergen*

FICTION, SEMI-FICTION, <i>et al</i>	PAGE
In Winter . . . . . <i>William R. von Bergen</i>	5
Safety . . . . . <i>William R. von Bergen</i>	7
Invitation to the Dance . . . . . <i>Leo Laughlin</i>	9
Lost Book of Exodus II . . . . . <i>Alvan S. Berner</i>	11
The Vague Objects . . . . . <i>Louis Isenberg</i>	12
Labeled . . . . . <i>Robert J. O'Keefe</i>	13
Latin Crossword Puzzle . . . . . <i>Joseph Grossman</i>	18

EDITORIAL		PAGE
To the Student Body . . . . . <i>Bernard C. Wexler</i>		15
A Return to Percentage Marking . . . . .		15
For Victory . . . . .		16
Letter From a Former Latinite . . . . .		17
The Bill of Rights . . . . .		20
Stamps For Defense . . . . .		21
A Vote of Thanks . . . . .		21
" 'Tis a Consummation Devoutly to be Wished" . . . . .		21

COLUMNS		PAGE
Exchanges . . . . .		22
Sports . . . . .		23
Do You Know That . . . . .		24
Organizations . . . . .		25
Alumni Notes . . . . .		26
R. R. R. . . . .		27



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## IN WINTER

"Al" is a swell fellow. I like him; the boys like him; his teachers like him; everybody likes him. There is only one exception, and that is the policeman in his district. Now "Mike" O' Lanellan has no real reason for disliking Al. He shouldn't hold it against a fellow just because. . . .

But now I've gotten ahead of myself. "Al" is neither lazy nor dull, prim nor rowdy. He gets into scrapes now and then but always seems able to pull out. Everybody has always been ready to forgive them; that is, everybody except Patrolman Michael O' Lanellan. I have known Alfred L. Tanzan (the fellows call him "Tarzan"; *not* Alfred, Lord Tennyson) for a long time. We have argued; he blacked my eye once, but always we have patched things up, and always just in time for some adventure.

Last winter, as "Al" was passing by my house, an icicle fell from the roof and hit him on the shoulder. He cursed angrily and shook his fist up at me where I stood in a window over his head. Perhaps it was because I was laughing and his arm was sore; but, anyway, he called down all the wrath of Heaven upon my head, and even offered to come up and get me, until I assured him that the door was locked. He swore revenge, and went his way, rubbing his sore arm. I thought nothing of it, and went back to my Latin.

The next morning, I knocked at "Al's" door, was admitted, and almost immediately found myself in a heap on the kitchen floor. Looking up, I saw Al standing over me, and smiling in his revenge. I just couldn't be angry with my old friend, and knowing that I wouldn't stay on my feet long if I did get up, I re-

mained where I was and smiled up at my antagonist.

"Boy; oh, boy, Al!" I exclaimed. "You sure did take me by surprise! I never knew you could move so fast!"

"Aw," he replied, "it was a snap. Nothing at all! Anybody could knock *you* down!"

Needless to say, I didn't like that remark; but, as "Al" was some three inches taller than I, and perhaps fifty pounds heavier, I continued to smile at him as I said, "'Tain't funny, McTanzan! You're not still sore about that icicle, are you?"

"Naw, I just slugged you for the fun of it. Get up, and I'll do it again!"

That was like "Al"—always sarcastic, but never cleverly so.

"Gee whiz! That was only an accident; honest, it was! I wouldn't *dare* to do anything like that to *you*!"

That got him! He believed it (and well he might), and told me to get up. The clock struck one sharp stroke, denoting that we had just thirty short minutes before the nine o'clock bell; so we took up our books and set out. It doesn't take long to get to school on a rainy day, but now it was fair. The new snow was just moist enough to mold easily and firmly. We had to keep stopping to tie our shoes, and somehow always stood up again with a handful of snow. Now we certainly weren't going to just drop this down again! Oh, no! That would we wasting it! So we aimed at lampposts, tin cans, milk bottles, derby hats, and, oh, anything that presented itself. It was most unfortunate that it was Patrolman Michael O' Lanellan's blue cap which presented itself just around the corner!

That officer let out a yell; and, before its first echo reached the spot where we had been standing, we were around the next corner. But our friend, the blue-coat, didn't exactly stand still waiting for his echo! No, sir; not that man! Whirling around, he caught a glimpse of legs turning a corner, and soon was on our trail. He was gaining, and we had just begun to pick up some extra speed when "Al" tripped. He fell headlong, half burying himself in the soft snow. I kept on running until I reached the safety of the next house, whence I peered out at the action unfolding before my eyes. We had just rounded a corner when "Al" fell; so, of course, "Mike" didn't see him until too late. He tried to stop in time, but it was no use. I heard "Al" groan as one of those pointed flat feet dug into his ribs, and I heard the report of the officer's gun which was fired by the jolt of his falling. I heard a woman's scream, and looked up to see what had happened.

We got to school just as the bell was ringing, and a first period Latin test took our minds from our adventure. (We tried to convince our Latin teacher that it was the adventure that had taken our minds from the Latin, which we certainly would have known under ordinary circumstances, but he wouldn't listen to us.) Then we had Greek, math, English, French, Drill, and the day was done. That's what we thought, anyway. We left the school and went whistling on our way. Perhaps he recognized the sound of

the whistle; but, anyway, Officer "Mike" suddenly showed up in front of us, and grabbed "Al's" shoulder.

"What's the idea, you young scamp?" (I'm not sure that his last word was as mild as that, but let it stand.) "If you weren't so lucky, you might have a murder rap against you! It was your fault that my gun went off, and, if it had done any more damage than clipping the feather from Mrs. Feusey-Budgett's hat, *you would have been responsible!* And do you know what *that* means?"

"Yes, of course, *if it had been my fault!* But, my friend," I don't see where he got his nerve, but "Al" spoke right up to the man, "I believe that there is a safety lock on your gun which you must keep locked *at all times!* It was *your* carelessness which. . . ."

"Oh, a wise guy, eh? I know how to fix that! You come along with me, and we'll see what the lieutenant has to say about it!"

"You don't mean Lieutenant Halvers, do you? Swell! come on! I haven't seen him since the last time he played pin-ochle with me and my father. Boy, did he trim us! Come on, Bill; Mike won't care if you come along, *will* you, Mike?"

This was too much for the protector of the public safety. Turning on his heel, he strode off, nor did he look back. "Al" took a deep breath, raised his eyes skyward, and fell into my arms.

WM. R. VON BERGEN, '42.

BUY

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EVERY THURSDAY

## SAFETY

(Consisting of excerpts from the diary of Mr. E. Bartholomew Eldridge, Esq.)

*June 17, 1939:* I heard today that soon we shall be in the war, and, of course, all we healthy young Englishmen will be expected to do our part in defending the rights of our mighty empire. I will try to do my share, but how I dread the army!

*June 21, 1939:* How lucky I was to have heard those chaps in the "pub" talking about that opening! If I act quickly, perhaps I can help England without danger to myself! One of the keepers of the C— Light house, off the coast of Wales, is to retire in August, but no one knows it but me. If I can get that post. . . .

*June 22, 1939:* Today I mailed my request and recommendations, and can hardly wait to get my reply.

*June 29, 1939:* A week has passed



now, and I should get my response any day. Tomorrow I shall sell most of my furniture and my car, for these will be of no use to me on the island!

*July 5, 1939:* Today I told my employer that I should be leaving soon. He expressed his regrets, and promised me a bonus. He said I still didn't have to leave, but of course I won't be staying much longer. It's almost two weeks now. I can't understand why I haven't received that letter. I wonder if I addressed it properly.

*July 7, 1939:* It came today. I wish I hadn't been so quick to sell my things and give my notice. They told me only that no appointment can be made yet, but that I shall be duly considered when the time comes. I had hoped that, by being the first to apply, I should naturally be given the job. But, if it is advertised, many men might apply who are better qualified than I am. Oh, woe is me!

*July 10, 1939:* I thought maybe one of my friends could help me out, but I haven't yet found one who can. But I'll keep trying!

*July 12, 1939:* Jim Harolds told me today that he knows a man whose wife is very close to the aunt of a man who knows the commissioner in charge of this sort of appointments. A big help that will be.

*July 25, 1939:* Jim hasn't any results yet. I told my boss that it's all off, and he said I can stay on. Tomorrow I'm going to buy a second-hand car, probably one of those blasted American Fords, since that's all I can afford.

*July 26, 1939:* The nephew of Jim Harolds' friend's wife's friend promised that he'd do all he could for me. I bought the car. It rattles already.

Aug. 1, 1939: I got rid of the Ford! I had underrated the ability of (see entry for July 26). I am among five applicants who are to take an examination for the position. At least I have a chance now. I hope they ask me what Wellington did to Caesar at Trafalgar!

Aug. 7, 1939: The job is mine! Tomorrow I shall buy some books to help me while away the weary hours on the island, and Wednesday I am to report for duty at Newport, where I shall be given instructions.

Aug. 10, 1939: It isn't half bad here at C— Light. We have electricity, pure running water, heat, and, best of all, radio communications with the coast. Yes, I said "*we*". There are three of us: Harry Holmes, Roger Emery, and myself. Harry Holmes, a veteran keeper, still does all the work. Roger came on with me, and neither of us knows what has to be done. But Harry is very kind and patient, and we are learning.

Aug. 12, 1939: I never knew there was so much to do in tending a lighthouse. At night we must keep a constant watch in the tower, in order to be able to correct the fault immediately if anything goes wrong. If the light went out for just five minutes, a ship might flounder on the reefs all around here. Much of our time during the day is spent in cleaning the thousand reflectors which send our beacon out into the inky night. Then we must constantly check the generators, batteries, radio, and other equipment, do all the housework (and this isn't the least of our worries!), and make up for the sleep we lose at night.

Sept. 3, 1939: Lord, was I lucky to be able to get this position! War is declared! Now, if I weren't already serving my country, I should feel I had to join the Army, and I could never stand it! The nervous strain would kill me. Here we are safe. If Hitler ever decides to bomb Britain, he certainly wouldn't reach this

far west!

Nov. 17, 1939: Jim Harolds enlisted in the army two months ago, and today was decorated for bravery! I almost wish I had stayed and joined the army.

Nov. 28, 1939: Jim Harolds died in combat. *Requiescat in pace!* Now I'm certainly glad that I'm here!

Dec. 5, 1939: Jack Richards died today. So it goes. This is the fateful circle. Enlistment, decoration, death, oblivion. It's too horrible to think of. Every night I pray to God that this horrible nightmare may be over, that the world may wake up to find the dawn.

May 29, 1940: We seem to be losing this war, but we really haven't begun yet. Our boys came back safely from Dunkirk, and we'll start it over again! Never shall we give up while Hitler and his satellites flourish on this earth! I'm glad to be doing my share here by protecting the shipping so vital to my country.

Aug. 15, 1940: Stukas over London! This isn't war! This is Hell, and Hitler is Satan, and we are innocent! God, let it end! And God be praised that *I* am safe here!

Aug. 31, 1940: It isn't Christian, but how glad I am to hear that our planes are giving those Berliners a bit of their own medicine!

June 22, 1941: Russia is on our side now, and soon the United States will be. Adolph, you are doomed!

Sept. 12, 1941: It is four o'clock. Roger is calling me. . . . No, it can't be! But it is! It's a mine! And drifting toward us; driven by wind and current, it is bearing down on us! What can we do? The Radio! We must send for help. Roger is running down to send for a ship, for we can't get off the island! . . . What? Oh, you clumsy fool! In his nervous haste, he knocked our only 6-D-6 tube onto the floor and broke it. Now we can't get in touch with the mainland. We have flares,

but they can't be seen in the day time. . . Maybe the mine will miss us. . . If only we had a rifle, we might be able to explode it out there so as to do no damage. . . Waiting, waiting, waiting. It's now

six o'clock and fairly dark. The light is lit, and we sent up a flare. But the mine is upon us. We see it, on the crest of the wave, hovering over the rocks. It. . .

WM. R. VON BERGEN, '42.

## INVITATION TO THE DANCE

You ask her to the Prom, and you tell her it starts at nine; but she says that nobody gets there till ten. So you call at five past, expecting a call-down, but instead are met by the family, who tell you she'll be ready in a moment. You sit down and try hard to make an impression; but, after fifteen minutes, you're in one fine jam, for you've just finished a dissertation on what F.D.R. hasn't got on the ball, when her father pops up and says, "They're all for the President," and insinuates you're nothing short of a traitor. By this time you expect to be kicked out at any moment; but she comes in, looking so cute that both you and the family forget politics, and you even shake hands with the "old man" as you go out. On the way you tell her how beautiful she is, but she says you tell that to all the girls, and that puts you back where you started—at least.

Arriving, you head for the floor; but she insists she must fix her hair. When she makes her reappearance, she looks divine, but no more so than before. You finally get to the floor, and you're having a wonderful time until the band plays some "hot jive", and you smile and say, "It's swell!" because everybody else is saying it. You surmise that if the one who said it before everyone else had said it hadn't, perhaps nobody would have liked it; and you wouldn't have to say you like it. Then they play a few fox-trots and a Strauss waltz, and you start chewing the girl friend's hair and feel ro-

mantic, but the boys in the band call an intermission. During intermission if you go to Latin School you probably carry on an intellectual conversation.

Afterwards you get into a Conga Line and you do the "one-two-three kick" for awhile. Up ahead they join hands, and you go under, and somebody whacks you on the head. You give him a kick in the shins and the line begins to run. It looks like a possible scrimmage, but you get through all right. Then they have a "Bompsadaisy", with which you cautiously proceed until your partner playfully hits you with a block that rattles your freckles.

It's getting cold as you travel homeward, and you stop at the inevitable "Howard Johnson's" where, still parading as the fine gentleman, you discover that you had better handle your silver very carefully. You get out of the car at her house, and she tells you she had a lovely time; and you gallantly add that without her it wouldn't have been enjoyable. Then there is a romantic silence, fraught with meaning, and you remind yourself that the stars are all out, the moonlight is superb; but alas, she only says, "Wasn't the music nice?" Then you say "goodnight", and she gives you a sweet, tender smile that suggests you're still the favorite beau; and you travel quite happily homeward and dream of an adorable little girl with black hair and blue eyes.

LEO LOUGHLIN, '43

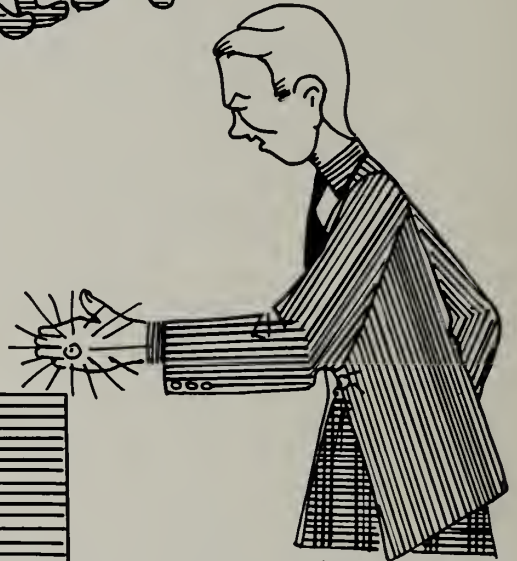
**CLASS RINGS!**



Since the outbreak of the war, this senior has been trying to paint "arsenal" on the top of school (just in case of an air attack!!)



Oh don't be frightened, it's only an average class picture of an average senior!!



Now that class rings are out, seniors will even shake hands with their left hand just so you'll notice their rings!!



Trying to convince one's father that a coed college has its advantages is a very trying problem indeed!



Seen at class dance!!

-FOLEY-

## A LOST BOOK OF EXODUS II

[*This manuscript was found by explorers of the American Museum of Medium-Fine Arts, near the remote village of Gopher, Kentucky. Owing to its content, we deemed it of special interest to Latin School students.—Ed. Note.*]

1. And it came to pass that two boys sat in the homeroom and refreshed themselves, and the one said to the other:

Behold, this last period have they of 305 undergone an examination at the hands of the master our Latin teacher.

And they were sore wroth, for they knew naught, and little was their understanding.

And their leaders arose and spake unto the master, saying: Sir, what are we, that thou givest to us this test? We are not worthy; behold, our cup runneth over. Four tests hast thou thus far entered on the books.

And he gave them answer, saying, "Lo, even now do I perceive that ye do many things, yet study your Latin. Such diligence is worthy of the highest test in my realm."

And the master smiled upon them, for he was sore taken with his humor; but they smiled not, saying among themselves, "Behold, this is without precedent in all the years of the land."

And the master was wroth that they would not smile, and he gave unto them a test of the highest difficulty, and great was the carnage.

2. And it came to pass that messengers came from them, and spake unto me as the nearest, saying, "O ye who have Latin the fifth period, be mindful of our fallen host; beware lest ye be tested on page 346, even unto page 349."

And I made answer unto them, saying, "I harken unto the words of your mouth.

Peace be with ye; ye shall not be forgotten."

3. And the one boy saith unto the other, "Behold wisdom entereth into thy mind, and great is the crowding therein."

"Let us no longer delay, but study, for lo the warning bell is at hand."

4. And the fame of that test went unto the uttermost corners of the homeroom, and great was the rejoicing and diligent were the labours of the pupils at their books.

5. And it came to pass that the fifth period had begun; and the pupils rejoiced, and the master was glad, for he was filled with years and wisdom; and he knew that the pupils had already been shewn the test, for great was his knowledge of the previous year's REGISTER.

And he spake unto the pupils, saying, "Render unto me that which is Caesar's, even on page 351."

And the pupils rent their garments and poured chalk-dust over their heads, for they were sore moved.

6. And the master said unto them, "Why cry ye out unto me, saying, 'Sir, sir?' What avails it ye that ye speak softly, with many sirs?"

"For ye shall be judged as ye do; and sooner shall a sixth classman pass the College Boards than that one of ye shall pass this month."

7. And the shark among them arose from amid the groans and crieth:

"Doubt not, O ye Latinites, that thus finally do flunk all who try to do tests these many periods before that they shall be given unto them by the teacher.

"Only let the students study their three hours nightly, and Cheever shall rejoice, and Mather shall be glad."

—Translated by ALVAN S. BERNER, '42.

## THE VAGUE OBJECTS

There was no moon that October night, and banks of clouds scudded across the heavens.

"Objective ahead," spoke the Squadron Leader through the speaker; "bombers attack."

The bombers left their places in the formation and swooped toward their mission of destruction. Eight fighters circled overhead. It was an attack on a channel port. The Intelligence Department had learned of a concentration of barges and men at this port and had sent these planes to break up a possible attempt at invasion.

In a few seconds the earth quaked. The detonation of bombs reached the ears of the fighter pilots. Then suddenly through the sky stabbed a long finger of light. A puff of white burst several hundred feet away from one of the fighters. Several seconds later another puff burst. It was German A.A. fire. A third shell exploded directly in front of the nearest fighter. At this moment the searchlights went out. When they again sent penetrating beams through the darkness, one Spitfire had disappeared.

His engine missing and sputtering, Richard Winston coasted down through the darkness and hoped for the best. The wings and landing gear of his ship quivered and snapped as the plane struck, skimmed, and plopped into the water. Quantities of steam rose as cold water rushed over hot cylinders. A wave of spray swept over the cockpit, drenching its occupant.

Winston peered around, took his bearings, and calculated his chances. As it was, he was down somewhere in the English Channel. How long his plane would float he did not know. He had no life-saver. The radio was wrecked. He could find no flashlight nor any other signal-

ling apparatus. Only God knew how far it was to land. And outside, barely distinguishable, floated vague objects. Thoughts of sharks and other man-eating fish forced the pilot to snuggle more deeply into the cockpit and under the "dash". His watch showed 2:30. Several minutes ticked by. A slight drizzle had begun, adding discomfort and misery. The presence of water in the fuselage indicated a sizable leak. When one faces death, when one knows he hasn't much of a chance, one thinks uncannily disconnected thoughts. So it was with Richard Winston. The day, when he, the son of a London banker, joined the R.A.F., flashed before him; his first airbattles over England, France, and the Channel; the dances and the girls! His eyes closed. . . . He wondered how his parents would take it. No, it was not a dream. Here he was, waiting patiently for the end in a watery grave. . . . He had not supposed it would be like this.

A passing ship aroused hope. He yelled, but to no avail. It was soon swallowed up by the rain and darkness. Shapes still hovered outside.

Seconds seemed minutes; minutes, hours. The pilot sat there, staring blankly. What else was there to do? The coldness of the water, which had risen almost to his knees, snapped him out of it. He supposed himself finished. He could restrain himself no longer. Tears streamed down his cheeks. A simple prayer ended in sobs as he buried his head in his lap. It might have been his crying or the rhythmic beating of the rain made him fall asleep. . . .

When Richard Winston woke, a glorious dawn had broken. The airplane was on the verge of sinking; but there, only a hundred or so yards away, rose the white chalk cliffs of Dover, upon which

the sun shone in all its glory. The pilot rubbed his eyes to make sure; and then, stripping off his parachute and clothes,

he laughed loud and long, plunged into the water, and stroked for home.

LOUIS ISENBERG, '42

## LABELED

The day was warm; the sunshine, abundant. On the outskirts of a small southern town a man sat on a large rock by the roadside. It was plain to see that the man was hot, as he mopped his brow with a handkerchief which matched his snow-white hair. Putting the handkerchief away, he arose and peered down the road.

For the next ten minutes the elderly hitchhiker walked slowly along the road, peering now and again over his shoulder. Then, in the distance, he noticed a car; and a few seconds later he made it out as a luxurious, streamlined roadster. His brow clouded, for he had only once before seen a car as fine as this in the town he was from.

The shining black automobile slowed down and stopped beside the old hitchhiker.

"Going my way, suh?" he asked.

"Sure," came a voice from within the car. "Hop in."

"Hold on," said the Southern gentleman. "You ain't from the North, are

you?"

"No, colonel," came the reply.

The "colonel's" eyes scanned the car once more, and, still a bit skeptical, he climbed in; and the car sped away.

"Cigarette?" suggested the hospitable driver. "There's a lighter right there in front of you. Say, why did you ask if I was from the North?"

"Well," the colonel began, "way back, in the war between the states, my father was killed; and because of that ma maw died. Ma life was ruined, and ah blame the North for ever'thing!"

The car sped on with ease, and neither spoke. Both occupants were preoccupied with thoughts of home. Five minutes passed.

Suddenly the colonel, with an exclamation, sat upright, his face white with rage.

"Stop the car!" he screeched, his arms waving wildly.

"But what . . . ?" began the startled driver.

R. J. O'KEEFE, '44

*Counsel (to police witness):* "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he is drunk."

*Policeman:* "No, sir, it doesn't. But this fellow was trying to roll up the white line."

*Texas Ranger.*

\* \* \*

*Teacher:* This is the worst recitation I've had. Perhaps you've noticed I've done most of it myself.

Willie to the circus went;  
He thought it was immense.  
His little heart went pitter-pat,  
For the excitement was in tents.

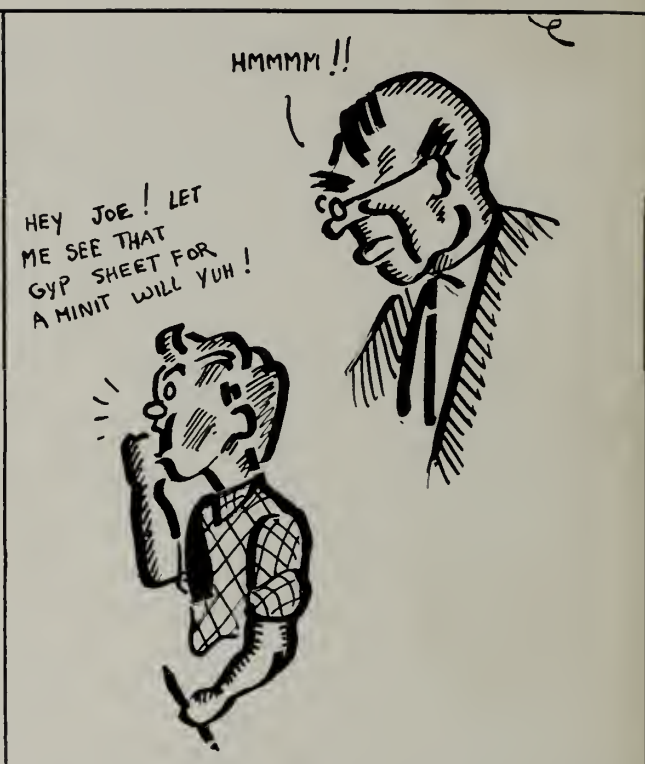
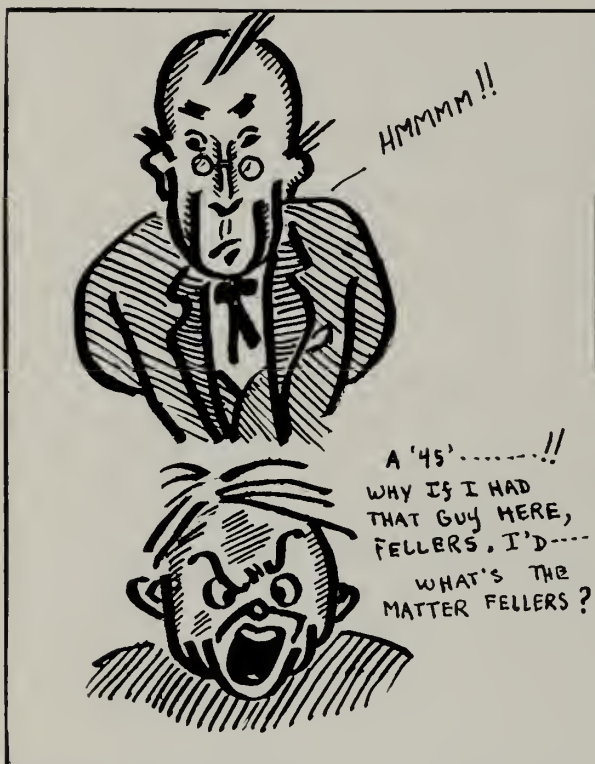
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

\* \* \*

— ART APPRECIATION —

*Foley:* I'd like to devote my last cover design to a charitable purpose.

*Mr. Marson:* Why not give it to an institution for the blind?



# THEY'RE ALWAYS AROUND



## TO THE STUDENT BODY

Ours is a great school, abounding in rich tradition. Its history goes hand in hand with the history of our great country. Latin School may be likened to our great democratic system of government. In the manifold activities of the school the headmaster and faculty call upon the student-body to coöperate. The response received is called "school spirit."

In the same way our government is headed by a select group. When an occasion arises that calls for a unified effort, the men in charge of the government cannot handle the situation alone. They must call on the coöperation of the people. The response they receive is called "patriotism."

"Patriotism" and "school spirit" may well go hand in hand. Your school and your government are both big, democratic institutions that cannot function efficiently unless its members devote themselves with united, concerted, and unselfish effort. And so, the ever-talked-of-subject of school spirit grows even more important. Let us accustom ourselves to responding without hesitation to all requests that may be made upon us. If we have constantly shown ourselves ready to answer when "school spirit" calls, we shall also show ourselves ready when the "spirit of patriotism" calls. Both are one and the same. Both stand for the same ideals.

Before soldiers can leave for the front, they are first trained to respond without question or delay to the commands of their officers. When these same men are on the battlefield, this practise of "response without delay" comes into fullest play. When the command is given, all must act; none may shirk. Without hesitancy or consideration of self, all must respond as one man. This is the only way to win.

Now, in the critical year 1942, when the expression *school spirit* takes on a new and double significance, let us unite as never before. Let us make the Latin School men who have gone before us increasingly proud. Let us answer all calls that are made upon us by our School, our Faculty, and our Headmaster. As in every other crisis from the time of its founding in 1635 to the present, the sons of Latin School will respond. Let's go!

BERNARD C. WEXLER,  
*President of the Class of '42.*

## A RETURN TO PERCENTAGE MARKING

Last month the School Committee, with the exception of Mr. Joseph Lec, voted favorably on a petition of the Latin School Association (our official alumni body), representing the almost unanimous desire of the alumni, faculty, and student body of the school, by voting to withdraw the gradual replacement of the traditional Latin School percentage marking system with the "more up-to-date" letter-scale of marking.

In abolishing this attempt to "ABC" the Latin School, both the School Committee and the Association are to be congratulated: the School Committee, for finally realizing that the Latin School is not an obsolete, decadent institution, which must be hampered and denounced by anybody with a chip on his shoulder;

the alumni body, for its revitalization in once again taking an active interest in the affairs of the school and what represents an education.

The alumni and the members of the Committee have taken steps in the right direction.

R. A. K.

## FOR VICTORY

In this most momentous struggle of history, we, as a nation and as individuals, have one and only one prime objective—"to win the war and the peace that follows." We know that this year and in the years to follow we must devote ourselves and our entire national effort to this one goal. Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt defined education's role when he told the newly organized United States Office of Education Wartime Commission, "This is total war. Whether you wear a uniform or not, you're in the Army now."

Enlistment, we well realize, is out of the question for most high school and college students. Every leading educator has made it clear that students can far better serve their country by staying in school as long as possible. Our country needs and will need educated leaders as never before in its history. Only by completing our school course can we prepare ourselves for and furnish our country with this leadership.

What, then, is to be the course of education which we, as students, must follow? Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, has outlined the following program for wartime education:

"Extend and intensify training for war industries, with many more schools operating on a 24-hour 7-day weekly schedule.

"Accelerate training, especially in colleges and universities, but somewhat in secondary schools, with possible elimination of summer and other holidays." (Most colleges will adopt or have already adopted a program that will allow students, that so desire, to complete the traditional four-year work in three or two and one-half years with no lowering of academic standards. Brown, Northwestern, and Dickinson, among others, will admit students who have completed less than the required four-year high-school course.)

"Improve nutrition education and launch a nation-wide physical fitness training program.

"Intensify inter-American education efforts and broaden those efforts to include our other allies.

"Mobilize teachers and students for voluntary services of all kinds.

"Keep schools open day and night for community civilian defense instruction and services.

"Promote sound morale through school and college programs for discussion and study among adults as well as pupils of war and post-war problems."

Another duty, perhaps, should be added to Dr. Studebaker's list: Prepare students for commissions as officers in the armed forces by extended R.O.T.C. training in schools and colleges.

These are but a few of the war tasks, which we, as students, must fulfill to do our part in bringing about our eventual victory—the victory of freedom.

R. A. K.

## LETTER FROM A FORMER LATINITE

U. S. Naval Air Station, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

November 20, 1941

Dear Mr. Fitzgerald:

No doubt this letter will come as somewhat of a surprise to you but to tell you the truth I couldn't resist the temptation to drop a few lines to you on today of all days. Have no doubts whatsoever as to the outcome of the game so I imagine that this will have to be in the form of a congratulatory note to both yourself and the boys for finishing up a truly great season by taking English over the hurdles.

Got up out of bed at 2:00 A.M. (H.S.T.) this morning, went over to the Comm. Office and tried to pick up a broadcast of the game but the only Boston station that I could pick up was "WBZ", and that was so faint that it was almost unintelligible. However, I played with the receiver until about 4:00 A.M. and then gave it up as a bad job. Will get the results in the next Clipper Mail as Dad is generally pretty prompt with his mail and any "writeups", that you or the boys get.

Was very sorry to hear about the Trade game but imagine that it took any overconfidence away that the boys might have built up. From all accounts Trade had an exceptionally good team this year and I know that they had to work very hard to do what they did.

Suppose that you are wondering what I am doing along the line of work so will try to give you an idea as to what it's like here. At present I am attached to the Admiral's Staff in Patrol Wing #2 and I guess that I was really lucky in being assigned here as the rates are very fast and the duty excellent. I fly approximately ten hours every two weeks or twenty hours a month. Right now I can not draw Flight Pay because of the lack of a Petty Officer's Rating. However, if events continue along their present course I will be able to make Radioman 3/c by the 15th of January. In fact I am supposed to take an exam for it on the aforementioned date. Shouldn't have much trouble with it as we passed a much harder exam previous to our graduation from school.

While in the air I act as both Radioman and Gunner and believe me, at times it can be very unpleasant—especially when you have to copy down a message in the middle of target practice.

The tour of duty out here is for a period of from two to three years being entirely dependent upon existing conditions. Consequently my hopes of seeing Boston are rather "shot" for some time to come. Really can't complain though because I enlisted with my eyes open and if I ever feel like "kicking", you can be sure that I will be the object of my own belligerence.

Well, sir, guess that I had better close with the hope that both yourself and family are in excellent health.

Yours truly,

Van.

*(This letter was sent to Mr. Charles Fitzgerald by Earl K. Van Buskirk, '43, on the occasion of the Thanksgiving English game.)*

# LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By JOSEPH GROSSMAN

NOTA BENE: The following crossword puzzle, though difficult, may be solved by several of the upperclassmen.

Even Class 6 should get 85 Across.

Class 5, which has learned the Present Subjunctive, should not miss 25 Across.

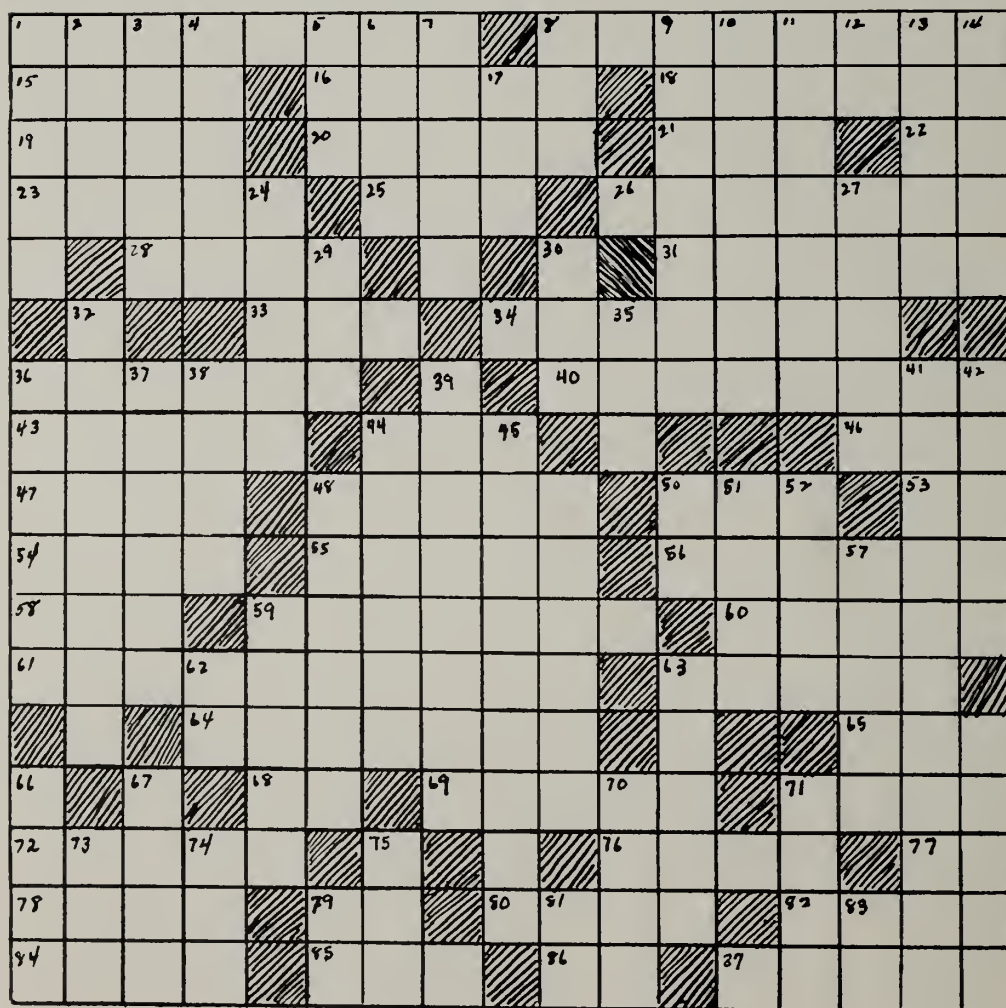
Class 4 ought not to have any trouble in choosing the word for 32 Down.

And ye of Class 3 who have studied "Julius Caesar" will remember Caesar's last words—84 Across.

Class 2, in reading Cicero, have met 63 Across.

And finally the lovers of poetry in Class I will know the poetic form of "at"—65 Across.

When you have solved this puzzle, bring your solution to Mr. Marson in Room 235. A prize of one dollar in U. S. Defense Savings Stamps will be given to the first one to solve this puzzle.



HORIZONTAL

1. A small garden
8. One's other self, a bosom companion
15. Rich, fertile
16. A star
18. Otherwise
19. Gentle, mild
20. Country (Genitive Case)
21. A mouse
22. My (friend), (Vocative Case)
23. Whether
25. You may be
26. Lightly
28. A portent
31. Titans
33. So many
34. Of the King of Thrace, father of  
Hecuba
36. Shoulder
40. They would have sewed
43. He fed, nourished
44. Already
46. His own (Dative Case)
47. See (Imperative)
48. Olive (Accusative Case)
50. "—— victis."
53. Manuscript (Abbr.)
54. Need, be in want of
55. Battlement, parapet
56. He will rush in, fall down
58. Air
59. Do the same thing. (Two words)
60. Relate
61. Cunningly, slyly
63. Charge, condemn
64. I shall have urged
65. But
68. Participial ending
69. Squadron, troop
71. Asia
72. Heavens
76. Keen
77. Hold (Only consonants)
78. Concern, care
79. My (Vocative)
80. Rub, chafe
82. He will buy
84. "—— ——— Brute."
85. She is. 86. Himself 87. Therefore

VERTICAL

1. Ground
2. He visits, attends to
3. Back again
4. Of the three
5. A Lar
6. Experience, service
7. A screech owl
8. Skill, art
9. Although
10. An overflowing, discharge
11. You laughed
12. And
13. Jewel, gem
14. To rise
17. To them
24. He cuts, reaps
27. Exertion, tension (plural)
29. Night
30. Twice
32. To choose
35. Swine
36. "—— emptor."
37. To roar
38. Bend together, twist
39. Repent
41. Rhythmically
42. Roasted, scorched
44. A holm oak (Genitive Case)
45. They chewed
48. You darken, throw shadow on
49. Sorrow, grief
50. By force
51. Sister of Dido
52. I was
57. Urns (Accusative case)
59. Propheying sister of Faunus
62. A College Degree (Abbr.)
63. Dragon
66. Behold!
67. Garland (First 3 letters)
70. Sea
71. Be dry, parched
73. Or
74. Glory, praise (1st 3 letters)
75. Violence
79. Me
81. Thou art
83. A title (English)

NOTE: Solution will appear in the next issue.

## THE BILL OF RIGHTS

On July 4, 1776, fifty-six "representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled," promulgated before an incredulous world "A DECLARATION" that "These United Colonies are, and of a Right ought to be, Free and Independent States." And the world did not believe, and laughed that such a tiny band should dare to array itself against George's professional red-coats. Yet the fire of freedom, kindled that day in Philadelphia, grew and spread; and in 1783 it reached its greatest peak when England washed its hands of these troublesome colonies, and sent them forth upon their own course through history. But in 1783 there was no UNITED States—there were thirteen "Free and Independent" States, as independent of each other, outside the lax and unenforced regulations of their Continental Congress, as they were of their erstwhile mother country. Tariff disputes, petty jealousies, even open strife and rebellion marked the collapse of the Revolutionary government to a helpless body of men who talked and talked; who were empowered to declare anything, but in fact could do nothing. In 1784 the agent of France reported to his king: "There is in America no general government," and this was almost literally true.

And so it was not until 1788, when our nation, as a federal union of states, one and indivisible, first saw the light of day. It did not grow as the years went by; but rather, like Athena, from the forehead of Zeus it sprang into the world fully-clothed and ready for whatever destiny might have in store. This new and "more perfect Union" came into being as the creature of the Constitutional Assembly, as the physical embodiment of the ideal of just government that had lain in the minds of man since history began. And they gave their new creation rules and regulations, checks and balances, commands and prohibitions—in short, they wrote the Constitution of the United States. In one fell swoop they created an order and a scheme of government that has been the model for all men in all lands in the century and a half that have followed that momentous day. The dream of the down-trodden and the enslaved at last came true. As Daniel Webster phrased it, "One nation, one Constitution, one destiny."

But our Fathers, in their zeal to avoid the possibility of tyranny and to ensure the perpetuation of their ideal, forgot for a moment the real idea: the establishment of the "four freedoms"—of Religion, Speech, Press, and Right of Assembly. Therefore, to our Constitution were added, during the next three years, ten additional Articles—ten amendments—which have been the basis of our life as free men from that day to this, and, God willing, from this day forevermore. By virtue of these sacred paragraphs, whose content we all should know, for the first time in human history the rights of the common man were propounded. No longer might a wilful tyrant oppress our people; their rights were guaranteed.

The cynical people of the world laughed that such a government might even be attempted, let alone survive the turmoils of international strife.

But our Constitution did not fall; it grew and grew. New amendments were added as the years rolled on. The dark blot of slavery was wiped from our national escutcheon. The franchise was progressively extended, so that today the right of a citizen of our country to vote may not be abridged by reason of race, color, or sex.

Now think back and see how little we really have done—how little we have needed to do—to supplement the work of our founding fathers. They built for the ages, and they built well.

By this Bill of Rights, as it has been enlarged and expanded through the years, its protective cloak over more and more Americans, we have emerged today as the first really FREE men and women our weary earth has ever known. By the Bill of Rights are safeguarded the principles of freedom under democracy, for which we live and for which Americans gladly give their fortunes, their labors, and their lives.

M. M. L.

## STAMPS FOR DEFENSE

For one month now, our masters have assigned defense stamp monitors in every classroom. Their duty is to sell defense stamps to members of their homerooms. We all know what these stamps are and what they symbolize. They stand for the liberty of AMERICA. Most of us have bought stamps, but we can and must buy more. Save your loose coins, boys, and every week buy Uncle Sam's stamps. Let's make the highest record in the city, and show our government what Boston Latin School can do during these times. Let each one of us fill an entire book with these stamps, a book which, in a few years, will be worth more than it cost you to fill it. Our nation needs our cooperation. Almost every student can buy some defense stamps every week. Pennies will aid in building an airplane, a tank, a battleship, a gun, an airdrome. Boys, get your coins ready. Buy defense stamps. BUY NOW.

M. N. S.

## A VOTE OF THANKS

Since the attack on Pearl Harbor, Boston Latin School students have been listeners to the most important speeches given by the President. Also we have been promised that we are to be an audience to more such important speeches. Few public schools are given the opportunity to hear the President speak during school time; but, through the foresight of Messrs. Dunn and Powers, this opportunity has been given. We are grateful.

R. L. T.

## “'Tis a Consummation Devoutly to be Wished”

Now that we are openly at war with the totalitarian nations, we must gird ourselves to fight on until we have wiped out the threat of Hitlerism to civilization. This fateful struggle at all costs must be won. For this gigantic task we do, as our fathers of the Declaration of Independence, “mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor.”

Some of us nurse a hope that this will be the war to end wars. Others steel themselves to the brutal theory that as long as the human race exists on earth, there will always be war. This last view was expressed by our speaker, Col. Bower, during the last Armistice Day Exercises. To me this statement had a sad signi-

finance; it meant that, despite all the progress of mankind, we still retain one of the earliest and most savage methods of settling disputes WAR. We are compelled to kill one another to show that we are right; we slaughter myriads of innocent people to cow the other nation into submission. Is this characteristic of a highly developed civilization? Is this the reward of the scientists and statesmen who sacrificed their lives so that the world might be a better place to live in?

All civilized mankind deprecates war; but we ask justifiably: "How can war be prevented or perhaps outlawed? What can we substitute for war?" President Wilson had an answer in the League of Nations, which he dreamed would be an organized body representing ALL nations on earth dedicated "to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." People called Wilson an idealist who was living before his time; they would have been nearer the truth to admit that they were living behind the times, harking back to the early civilization.

Wilson's dream, if properly brought into realization, would have prevented not only this war, but all wars. War can be eliminated only when we organize armies of peace and symbolize the functions of peace. Today, like Hamlet, we sigh: "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." There will come a day, however, perhaps even in our generation, when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks, nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

## EXCHANGES

*The English High School Record:*

We are giving three rules that every speaker should follow:

1. Stand up and be counted.
2. Talk up that you may be heard.
3. Shut up that you may be appreciated.

\* \* \*

*Northeastern News*, Northeastern University.

*Frosh*: "If the dean doesn't take back what he said this morning, I'm going to leave college."

*Soph*: "What did he say?"

*Frosh*: "He told me to leave college."

\* \* \*

*The Distaff*, Girls' High School.

My brother and I were twins; we looked so much alike that no one could tell us apart. One day in school my brother threw spitballs, and I was punished. My brother was arrested for speeding; I spent three days in jail. I had a girl, and my brother ran off with

her. But last week I got even with him. I died, and they buried him.

\* \* \*

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In addition to the papers and magazines quoted above, we have received copies of the following publications. We are sorry that room does not permit us to quote from them.

*The Sphinx*, Centralia Township High School, Centralia, Ill.

*The Artisaw*, Mechanic Arts High School

*The Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts.

*The Red and Black*, Dorchester High School for Boys.

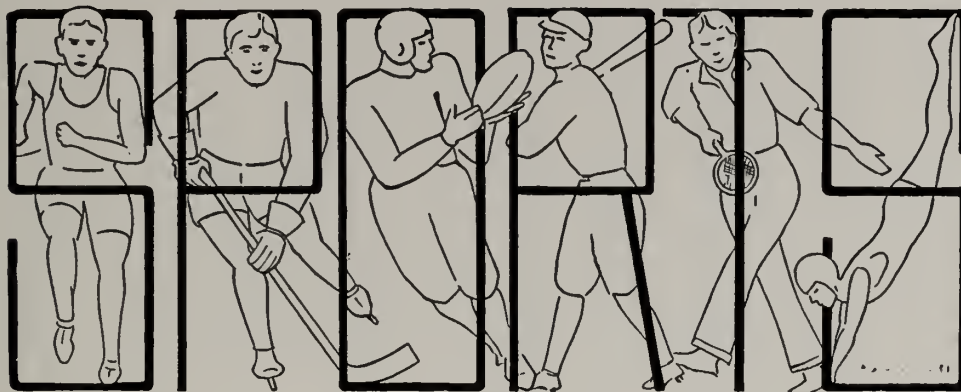
*The Hebrowian*, Hebron Academy, Me.

*The Jabberwock*, Girl's Latin School.

*The Spectator*, Browne and Nichols School.

*The Focus*, Saugus High School.

*The Tattler*, Roslindale High School.



### B. L. S. Track Prospects

Track for 1942 does not look too promising. Owing to a deficiency in older tracksters in Class "A", "Milty" Woolfson, "Ed" Agababian, and Mario Alfano will have to shoulder the majority of work and honor gained therefrom. "Milty" Woolfson will shot-put and high-jump; Mario will run the hurdles; Agababian will run the dashes.

Latin School will give the opposition "a run for its money" in Class "B". Paul Harwood, Fegan, and Grady carry the Purple and White banners in the dashes; Laskin and McAuliffe in the longer runs; Caploe in high-jumping; and Coshnear in the shot-put.

The Class "C" standouts are Parsons in the "220"; Shagoury in the 50-yard dash; and Murmes in the shot-put event.

Purple and White trackmen will make their best showing in Class "D". The dashers are Seigfriedt, Collins, "Wally" Harwood (Paul's brother), and Amsie, who can send the shot-put for a long trip. The way Wharton has been jumping in practice makes the present high-jumping records seem as temporary as the Axis.

The Class Meet, scheduled for January 14, was cancelled. There are rumors (probably enemy propaganda) that the Armory will not be available for any meets "for the duration".

### Cold Facts

Between the first two periods of the Memorial skirmish, our pucksters stopped scoring long enough to elect "Dick" McDermott hockey captain. . . . "Fran" Powers, of over-the-goal-line-kick-off fame, is manager. . . . "Johnny" Flynn whizzed the pill past the Roxbury goal-tender three times; Captain "Dick" did it twice; and John Brosnahan scored once. In our books, it makes a grand total of six. The Boston papers gave us credit for a mere five. (I wonder where "dey learned deir Matt"). . . . "Bob" O'Brien is track manager this year, and he spends much time teaching the younger runners some tricks of the trade.

### B. L. S. Shuts Out Memorial

On Saturday, January 10, the Purple and White pucksters opened their season in the Boston Conference by routing Memorial, 6-0. The tilt, hard fought all the way, was featured by the stellar play of Latin's front line of "Dick" McDermott, "Johnny" Flynn, and "Johnny" Brosnahan. Flynn scored two goals in the first period, the first on a back-hand shot from the left of the net and the second on a pass from Brosnahan and McDermott. Early in the second period "Johnny" Brosnahan added another goal when he received the rubber on a pass

from "Dick" McDermott and "Johnny" Flynn and slid the puck unmolested into the draperies. Then, just one minute later, McDermott grabbed the loose disc, crossed the defense with superb skating and stick-handling, and registered the fourth goal. In the last chapter Johnny Flynn added his third goal of the afternoon, assisted by "Johnny" Brosnahan and "Dick" McDermott. Then "Dick" completed the scoring for the day when he registered the sixth goal unassisted.

The B.L.S. Line-up:

Brooks, G.; Connolly, R. D.; Curley, L. D.; McDermott, C.; Flynn, R. W.; Brosnahan, L. W.

*Spare:* Lewando, Slattery, Rafferty, P. Kelley, Dowling, Hayes, Foley, Murphy, Mulhern, Noonan, MacLaughlin.

## SUMMARY

*First Period:*

*Goals:* Flynn (unassisted) 4:45;  
Flynn (Brosnahan-McDermott) 6:18.

*Penalty:* Ducie (Mem.), tripping.

*Second Period:*

*Goals:* Brosnahan (McDermott - Flynn) 0:57; McDermott (unassisted) 1:57.

*Penalty:* Burke (Mem.), handling puck.

*Third Period:*

*Goals:* Flynn (unassisted) 2:45; McDermott (unassisted) 9:12.

*Penalty:* Kelley (high stick); Connolly (interference); Curley (charging); Curley (extra man on ice).



## DO YOU KNOW THAT . . . .

During the Christmas vacation, the teachers of Boston voluntarily gave two days of their time to attend a series of lectures on Air Raid Precautions in order that they might better be able to safeguard the school children. Boston Latin School was well represented. Messrs. Powers, Dunn, and Cleary were among the lecturers. Messrs. Gordon and Callanan assisted Mr. Powers in a demonstration of how to extinguish an incendiary bomb. . . . There are over 200 educational institutions within a mile radius of Boston Latin School. . . . "Dan" McDermott, '41, our great photographer, has the distinction of being the only freshman on the staff of *Vu. Tech's* student publication. . . . Charles Bulfinch, the famous architect, was an alumnus of B.L.S. He designed the State House in 1798, and

after the British burned Washington in 1814, he was requested by President Monroe to design and supervise the construction of the new Capitol building. . . . "Fran" Powers was able to throw long passes with apparent ease, because he has the largest hands in Class I. The Ring man had trouble in fitting his largest size ring on "Fran's" "third finger, left hand". "Fran" finally settled for a size 13. . . . William Bigelow, who was headmaster from 1805 to 1814, was a severe man. The boys rebelled against his strict rule and resisted his authority. As a result, the school was constantly in a state of disorder. One day, when he was giving orders to the eastern side of the school, there was a sudden shout on the western side. He, amazed, turned around to chastise them, and instantly,

there was a shout on the eastern side. It is said that Bigelow immediately dismissed the pupils, and he never entered the school again. . . . "Alex" Courtney, the star of the Dramatic Club production, "The Bishop Misbehaves", has been appearing for the past four months on "The March of Youth", a radio series broadcast each Saturday morning from Station WEEL. Incidentally, "Alex" wrote and directed the dramatic portion of the recent Latin School—M-1 Safety Reporter broadcast. . . . Benjamin Gould, headmaster, 1814-1828, is responsible for the system of "misdemeanor marks", the practice of declamations, and the issuance of report-cards to be

signed by the parents. . . . Chemistry was introduced to the curriculum in 1933, and economics was introduced as recently as 1940. . . . David Muzzey, author of the history textbook used by Class I, is an alumnus. . . . Several Boston newspaper feature writers learned their first lessons in English and composition here at B.L.S.: "Will" Cloney and "Wes" Fuller of the *Herald*; "Jerry" Moore and "Don" Sullivan of the *Globe*; and Dr. Marnell, who writes the editorials for the *Traveler*. . . . Since you cannot serve your country in its armed forces nor aid its defense effort by working in industry, you must do your part by buying Defense Bonds and Stamps.



## ORGANIZATIONS

Scoop! . . . The Dramatics Club of the Latin School will announce in the near future that the twentieth annual production of this organization will be "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." The original story was written by Samuel Clemens, and it has been portrayed as a movie starring Will Rogers. A fanciful farce, this play has been chosen as light and entertaining, appropriate as an antidote to these grave times. It will probably be staged about the first week in May.

\* \* \*

Again in the dramatic vein, the Little Theatre Group of the Senior History Club has presented a dramatization on the making of our Bill of Rights. Leon Green and Murray Rosenberg, vice-president and president respectively, revealed hidden talent in the execution of their roles. Since that date, the members of this organization have heard a talk by

Melvin Gordon, a commentary on the speech of President Roosevelt on "the state of the union", and an oral review of World War II by Albert Caron. Upon conclusion of the latter dissertation, the speaker was bombarded with a barrage of questions and opinions from a horde of self-appointed war authorities, each of whom is sure that he knows the key to victory in the present crisis.

\* \* \*

The third public declamation competition held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, January 9, revealed with unmistakable clarity the trend of patriotic American youth today. Most of the declaimers kept to this central theme, choosing such pieces as "The Bill of Rights", "The Citizen", "The Only Free Country on Earth", and "American Youth and the Constitution." Latin's converted cheerleader, Milton Nicholas Stamatatos, took highest honors at this declamation, re-

ceiving the awesome rating of 18.2.

\* \* \*

At its last meeting the Literary Club was favored with the appearance of Amiel Philippe Van Teslaar, '41, winner of a national scholarship to Harvard College. Van Teslaar delivered a talk based on a comparative study of the literature of Romance authors, laying particular stress on the English Romantic period and the influence of French authors on the writings of Alexander Pope. The club is truly indebted to him for an en-

lightening treatise.

\* \* \*

Do you think that "Plan E" is the most desired form of city government? Should Massachusetts ratify the child-labor amendment? You may have no opinion on these subjects, but the members of the Latin School Debating Society battled among themselves at two meetings to decide the questions. Prominent in the two debates were L. Barber, J. J. Sullivan, A. Rabinovitz, and J. Linehan.



## ALUMNI NOTES

According to recent reports from Harvard University, two former Latin School students have won Doctor's degrees in Modern Foreign Languages. They are Ira Chart, '33, (A.B., Harvard 1937; A.M., 1938) and Edward Daniel Sullivan, '31 (A.B., Harvard 1937; A.M., 1938). Under this same category, but at Yale, comes Alphonse Roland Favrean, '26. Dr. Sullivan is now an Instructor in French at Harvard. . . . Gordon B. Ray, '28, has been appointed Instructor in Romance Languages at Dartmouth College. . . . While scanning the latest Dean's List of Brown University, we found the name of Arnold Katz, '38. While at B.L.S. he was in six clubs. . . . Tufts College reports that two Latin School boys, now freshmen at Tufts, have been enrolled in the newly organized Naval R.O.T.C. unit at that school. They are Harold Polan and Frederick A.

Robinson, Jr., both B.L.S. '41. . . .

The REGISTER willingly corrects a mistake that appeared in its last issue. Due to a typographical error the name of Harold M. Drake was misspelled. The article should have read "Harold M. Drake., '40, has recently been enrolled in the Naval R.O.T.C. at Tufts College."

Sheriff Frederick Sullivan, '23, has recently left for Washington, D. C., to serve as a Second Lieutenant in the Quartermasters Corps. Sheriff Sullivan incidentally was coxswain on one of the last crews to row at B.L.S. While at Harvard, Sheriff Sullivan's boat was never beaten by Yale. . . . Arnold Freedman, '35, a graduate of Boston University School of Law, is at present serving in the United States Army Air Force and is stationed at Kelly Field, Texas. . . .

## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



*Dec. 1:* The beginning of a new month. We all start with the same mark, "zero". The only difference between *Ye R.R.R.* and a shark is that we stay near this mark.

*Dec. 2:* Most of the day was spent by Seniors in trying to raise fifty cents necessary for a deposit on a ring.

*Dec. 3:* MacDermott is beginning his campaign of "peaceable coercion". Most Seniors will probably wait till the last word is put into effect before paying their class dues. . . . Only one club meeting today, but that afforded plenty of excitement. The Senior History Club held elections.

*Dec. 4:* We learned today, with much regret, that Mr. Rosenthal has been transferred to M.A.H.S. The fine work that he has done with the REGISTER will be continued by Mr. Bourgeois. We wish Mr. Rosenthal all the luck in the world in his new position. And Mr. Bourgeois, too!

*Dec. 8:* With due acknowledgment to "Dick" Kobrin, we give you the REGISTER's answer to Japan:

Diet\* say with what bravado  
Fires be set and ships bombard, O;  
Yankee navy start salvado;

Home trot sons of High Mikado.

*Dec. 9:* *Ye R.R.R.* was too jittery because of the reported air-raid to visit either the Mathematics or Art Club meetings, which we later learned were cancelled.

*Dec. 10:* The newest competition in the school is between Messrs. Faxon vs. Arnold. Mr. A— gained an advantage when his class surpassed Mr. F—'s in the collection for the Red Cross. Mr. Faxon, however, says that the only reason is that he collects only dimes.

*Dec. 12:* At a meeting of the REGISTER Business Staff, Simes explained his "New Order". Many a revolutionary grumble was heard from the Lower Classmen when they learned that they must keep Room 117 tidy.

*Dec. 15:* Something new has been added. Mr. Powers used a microphone to address Classes I and II on the Bill of Rights.

*Dec. 16:* We tried to see the pictures of the English-Latin game with the squad, but even in the dark we definitely don't resemble a football player.

*Dec. 18:* We saw "sports and shorts" after school in the Hall. This was one time we could forget we were Class Iers and enjoy the cartoons as much as if we were in Class VI.

*Dec. 22:* Your R.R.R. was the victim of a gigantic conspiracy. We volunteered to answer a summons to the office, only to learn that we were to put stamps on innumerable letters. Thus we missed our favorite period, *Study*.

*Dec. 23:* *Ye R.R.R.* learned today that his marks were in keeping with the Christmas spirit, a gay color, red.

*Dec. 24:* It's here! Eleven glorious days without a thing to do: *Ye R.R.R.* wishes you in the vernacular "*Hilaris Christi Nativitatis Dies Felixque Annus Novus.*"

*Dec. 25-Jan. 4:* Z-z-z-z. We z-z'd all week.

*Jan. 5:* The day dawns all too early for us. School starts anew. We have some comfort in that no homelessons were assigned for today.

*Jan. 6:* The upper classes had the privilege of hearing the President address Congress on "The State of the Nation". The "math" sharks were pressed into service to help us keep up with the President's figures on the increase of pro-

duction in the country.

*Jan. 7:* *Ye R.R.R.* scoops other columnists when he informs you that the play to be presented by the Dramatic Club is to be "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

*Jan. 8:* Don't know how he did it, but Mr. O'Leary collected over ninety-one dollars for defense stamps today. That's a mark other classes should shoot for.

*Jan. 9:* Hold the red pencil, Mr. Marson; we are coming with copy.



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